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Select Tale.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

A SKETCH FOR FARMERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Samuel Thompson and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms; but yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked for a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his windows were whole, his barn was snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more of a family to support than did his neighbor, but yet his house and out-buildings, and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were seen kicking about the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barn, through which the rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbed with old bark, and the tops were disfigured by scraggy dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked hard—harder, if anything, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along so smoothly, and kept every thing in such excellent order.

'Ah, Thompson,' said Holmes, one day, in early spring, as he came up to the door of the former, 'have you got an inch auger?'

'Certainly,' returned Thompson; 'I couldn't get along on a farm without one.'

'I wish you would lend it to me a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain for two days, because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it.'

'I will lend it to you with pleasure,' said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

'They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday.'

'Yes,' returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, 'one of the best cows I had.'

'But how did it happen?'

'She broke her leg.'

'Broke her leg? How, pray?'

'Why, you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn and shaky, and night before last she got one of her legs through it, and snapped the bone off like a pipe-stem—so I had to kill her.'

'Ah, Mr. Holmes, those are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that.'

'I know it,' said Holmes, with a downcast look; 'and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools.—But it's no use in crying now. What's done can't be helped.'

That was always a source of great consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried, to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for handy use, and upon it were a full set of planes, saws, guages, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition, were arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, files, and screw-drivers; and overhead hung some half dozen different sized augers. In short, there was everything here that a man could possibly need in building and repairing about the house.

Mr. Thompson took down an inch auger and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked:

'I havn't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick?'

'Well, not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He can't step on it.'

'Ah, how did that happen?'

'He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn-floor, and it went into his foot some ways.'

'Whew! that's bad," uttered Thompson, with a shudder. 'I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe-leather; aside from the comfort and looks.'

'O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe: I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it.'

'Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and then when there is a little patching or tapping to be done, I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle.'

'Well,' muttered Holmes, I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill a cobbler's bench. However, what's done can't be helped. I guess Tom 'll be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now and fix my harrow.'

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to mend his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson.—His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay. When it came haying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they had started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or perhaps, even the head might have got broken, und thus, instead of saving a good handle, etc., and making the other parts that were needed, for the want of proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, and all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day, in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool-chamber, making some apple-boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

'Thompson,' said tne latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, 'how much did that ox-sled of yours cost? I have got to have me one this winter.'

'O, that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days that we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled out my wood last winter, so the job came quite easy.'

'Well, neighbor Thompson,' said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, 'I don't see how it is that you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make better butter or cheese than mine does; your sheep don't bear better wool; your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do, to be sure.'

'But I have no more trees,' said Thompson.

'No, but then your fruit is of a better quality, and finds a more ready market.'

'Certainly, because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours were twelve years ago; and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places, you will find that in many respects, mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens and pig-houses are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think that my bees make rather more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain-chambers as they do to yours.'

'Perhaps you are right,' muttered Holmes, with a crest fallen look; 'and I suppose you are laying by money.'

'Certainly I am—one or two hundred dollars every year.'

'So much as that?' uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise. 'Why, I can't lay up a cent.'

'Let me give you a bit of a secret,' said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone, as he laid his plane upon the bench. 'Last summer, you bought four new rakes and a pitch-fork. Now, how much did they cost you?'

'Let's see; the rakes were twenty-five cents apiece, and the fork came to a dollar.'

'Well, now my fork handle got broken accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, I fixed them up. There are two dollars saved. Now you have nothing to do to-day.'

'No, it rains too hard.'

'And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple-boxes?'

'Marston is going to make them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of good apples.'

'There are two dollars more. Now if you hire a sled made as good as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up, while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixteen dollars will multiply itself. You sold your wool last spring as soon as you had sheared your sheep.'

'Yes, I had to, for I needed the money.'

'And how much did you get?'

'Thirty cents a pound.'

'If you had had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold then?'

'No,' returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open, 'I could have squeezed along with that sum.'

'Now,' continued Thompson, 'I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it, I found that I had made just twenty-one dollars; that is, I had obtained twelve cents more on a pound than I should if I had been obliged to have sold when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves.'

'And this all comes of your having tools to work with,' said Holmes, in a sort of subdued tone.'

'Mostly,' returned Thompson.

'Well, if I had tools I might save a good many small sums in the course of the year, but I never have the money to spare for them. Why, the tools you have here in the house, over and above your farming utensils, must be worth fifty dollars.'

'Just about that sum.'

'Then, I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare any such sum as that.'

'You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty dollar bill, and bought tools. But I have collected them gradually. I have bought every tool I have on my premises, with my grog-money.'

'Grog-money!' iterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

'Yes,' returned Thompson, with a slight smile,—'with my grog-money. Now, I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, and show you its consequent comfort, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm, I used occasionally to take a little spirit, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effects from it, but I am confident it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirit I had used cost me on an average twenty-five cents a week.

I suppose it costs you that now.'

'Yes, every cent of it.'

'Well, I commenced on the first day of January, to lay up my grog-money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some of the work that I was then obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year, I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars worth of tools, and it had all come from the money I might have otherwise drank up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation for future good. Time passed on, and my twenty-five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another plane, then a new auger, then a bit stock and bits, until, in eleven years, I have, not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog-fund nearly a hundred dollars in cash besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an incalculable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a little hole in the bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up, the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, that in giving up my grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think you would feel full as well without it? Compare the products of your grog money with the products of mine."

Mr. Holmes made no answer, but he poked deep down into the shavings with his feet, as though he expected to find an idea there.

'Thompson,' he said at length, 'I wish you had explained this to me years ago.

'I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter.'

'I know it,—but Nathan Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instruction.'

'Well,' said Thompson, with a look of extreme gratification, 'it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and if fifty dollars or so would be of any use to you, I will lend it to you with pleasure.'

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an auger, and he felt really proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came, Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars' worth of tools, and all from money that he would have worse than wasted had he not bought them. But this thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them that he had never felt before. He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, reset his windows, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty of useful and profitable work to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn-floor, but he is a happy, thriving, contented farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as many and as good apples, his chambers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson, and all this is because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

Another Romance in Real Life.

Our city was the scene of an exciting affair yesterday, the general outlines of which we consider of sufficient public interest to give in detail.

Miss Susan Denin, the handsome and clever young actress, yesterday became Mrs. F. Woodward, having been married rather unexpectedly. It appears that Mr. W. who is a gentleman of Syracuse, in excellent business, and affluent circumstances, has for a year or more been in love with Miss Denin. He has followed her from place to place; has written her letter after letter, but has never been able to make her acquaintance, and his letters were never received, it now seems, by the young lady. On Saturday, it is reputed, that Miss Denin had some disagreement with her step-father, and guardian. Yesterday morning the friendly relations between them had not been resumed, which young W. tried to turn to his advantage. His father, at his request, called on Miss D.'s guardian, she having finished her 18th year, and proposed the marriage of his son and Miss D., offering, it is said, to give the guardian a large sum, ($5,000 is named.) for any prospective loss he might sustain. This was refused—young W. then gave a domestic $50 to carry a note to Miss D.. during her guardian's absence. The colored gentleman proved a faithful Ganymede, and delivered the missive. Miss D. sent for the writer, she had never seen him—he arrived at her room door, when she met him.

"Do you want to marry me—are you in earnest?" was the salutation.

"I do, and will."

"Send for a priest."

The Rev. Mr. Sheldon answered the summons. Mr. Warren and his lady and some other friends were present, and the ceremony was preformed.

The party, consisting of the happy couple, the sister Miss Kate Denin, and the governess of the young lady left on the cars last evening for the east. We learn that the new couple will again make this city a visit in about two weeks.

There are divers rumors as to the conduct of her guardian, which we do not deem necessary to publish, if true, and we know nothing of their truth or falsity.—*Buffalo Republic, 29th.*

Anecdote.

Old mother Bender was pious, but poor. In the midst of her extreme want, her trust and confidence was in God. It was late one chilly night, in the autumn of the year, that two rather wild young men were passing near her little cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread, which he had procured at the village store. A faint light flickered from mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves, to his companion, "Let us have some fun with the old woman." "Agreed," said the other. They approached the house, and peeping in at the window, saw the old lady upon her knees by the hearth, where a few embers were smouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened, and heard her offering earnest petitions for bread. She was entirely destitute of food. In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves, climbed softly up to the low roof of the cottage, and dropping one loaf after the other down the chimney.—As they rolled out upon the hearth they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart she exclaimed, "Thank the Lord—bless the Lord for his bounty." "But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice down the chimney. "Yes he did," she cried undaunted, the Lord sent them, but the Devil brought them.

The Bath of Montezuma.

The Mexicans show the traveler a circular excavation in solid porphyry, which they call the Bath of Montezuma. They seem to be ignorant of its true history.—It was constructed by the king Nezahualcoyott, whose reign was one of the most eventful in the annals of the Aztees. According to Prescott, Nezahaulcoyott made his capitol the Athens of the Western World. "The Tezcucan monarch himself entered the field of literary competition as a poet, and specimens of his works preserved by his descendants, evince signal ability. But his time was not wholly given to the labors of the study and cabinet. The camp received an equal share of his attention. He led the armies of the allied nations of Tezuco, Mexico and Tlacopan in their annual expeditions, and enlarged his realm and resources. The captives taken in war were employed upon the public works, and the immense royal palace and the the villas of the king. These latter were embellished with all that could make a rural retreat delightful, and some remains of their magnificence are still extant, among which an excavation of the solid porphyry is shown by the ignorant people as the Bath of Montezuma." Nezahualcoyott died about 1470 after a reign of fifty years.—*Family Friend.*

A Duel.—The Cincinnati Nonpareil of the 15 inst., states that a duel took place in that city between a grand-son of ex-President Harrison, and the son of an extensive Banker. On the second fire the descendent of the President received a bullet in the arm. Cause—a young lady in pantaletts and a short dress!

Rules for Persons about to Marry.

The following code of laws for the regulation of married life is said to have been drawn up by a gentleman for the guidance of his son and the lady whom his son was about to marry:

1. When people are making love, everything is so fair and so bright that they are disposed to think each other something more than human, and scarcely liable to the frailties of human nature.—Perhaps it would be well if people would divest themselves of this nation; because, by so doing, it might prevent disappointment after marriage, when contact must necessarily make them acquainted with many frailties, which the most perfect human being cannot be without.

2. Want of money is generally looked upon as one of the principal sources of unhappiness in the married state; but Coldridge the poet, said—"if you show me one couple who are unhappy from want of money, I will show you ten who are unhappy from other causes." He alluded to incompatibility of temper, or what is more to the point, a neglect of managing temper and temperament in a proper manner; for it is certain that if people take the trouble, they can make themselves agreeable to each other, so as to live in harmony even under any circumstances.

3. It has been wisely said that those little courtesies and attentions which people pay to each other before marriage in order to gain affection, ought to be continued after marriage in order to retain it. If it is worth gaining it is worth retaining.

4. Husbands and wives sometimes express a great desire to be able to rule their partners. It connot be questioned that those persons rule with the most absolute sway who are most beloved. It is not true that those officers in the army and navy who are the most liked by their men are the most readily obeyed? The same principle holds good in domestic life.

5. Money is a useful and valuable thing, and ought not to be thoughtlessly spent. Dr. Johnson said that the end and aim of every man's ambition were to erect himself a comfortable home. There cannot be a prosperous home where there is an extravagant wife. On the other hand, an extravagant husband has power to bring ruin and desolation upon his wife and family, without their having the legal ability to restrain him. A wise economy is a great virtue.

6. A good wife makes a good husband; and so, also, a good husband makes a good wife.

7. Beware of the first quarrel. An angry word spoken in heat may do incalculable mischief. It may endanger that affection which was established by dint of many acts of attention before marriage, and which is worth more than gold to man and wife.

8. It is not in the nature of things that two people should live constantly together and not offend each other sometimes—not intentionally, perhaps, but inadvertently. Every unintentional offence ought to be easily forgiven; for where no wrong was intended, no great wrong has been inflicted. It would be well, however, if persons studied not to give offence, even unintentionally.

9. Never refuse the offer of reconciliation.

10. Always forgive when forgiveness is asked for.

11. Surely some persons are in error who fall into a state of listless indifference after marriage, and fancy that there is no necessity for further trouble about love and affection, and all that sort of thing. It is said in No. 3 that the affection which was gained before marriage by acts of politeness and many little attentions is worth retaining after marriage by a continuance of those attentions. It is certain that love heightens every joy; and without love no joy can possess its true sweetness. If this be so, it need no argument to prove how necessary to happiness it is to cultivate love.

12. The mistress is at the head of the domestic department. The servants take their cue from her. If she superintends her household with industry and care, they follow her in performing their duties well; but if she fails in the virtue of activity, confusion soon enters her house.

13. Take everything well that is well meant. Owing to the weakness of human nature, few people are able to perform great and good deeds. But a good intention shows a good heart.

14. How few there are who can bring themselves to acknowledge an error, even when their own conscience tells them they have committed one. But every right thinking person must know that it is nothing more than an act of common justice to repair an injury where an injury has been inflicted, and such as we should all of us expect from our neighbor. People sometimes imagine that when they confess to another that they have done them a wrong, they are giving that other an advantage over them. This, however, is a great mistake. By so doing they not only do allow the other to gain an advantage over them, but they gain an important advantage over their own stubbornness. Any one may be proud of such a victory.

15. "Bear and forbear" is an old saying. It merely means that we should bear with the faults and frailties of our partner, and forbear to give way to our own. These few words contain much good advice.

16. How sweet is the time of courtship when love goes prosperously! If mutual love makes this period sweet, why should not married life be equally happy! If love is to cease with marriage, people had better remain single. If love is as much cultivated after marriage as before, marriage must be the happiest condition of life. Courtship is only a preliminary state, which naturally leads on to what may follow. And however delightful courtship may be, people would be content to be always courting and never marrying. This would not do. Marriage, therefore, follows as a matter of course. And when love is duly cultivated, surely reality is better than anticipation.

"Little Ferns."

"If you know anything to make a brother's heart glad run and tell it. Anything to cause a sigh, bottle it up—bottle it up."

Yes, I shan't do it! says Miss Nipper. I've lived on scandal and Bohea this sixty years, and a change of diet at my time of life might prove fatal. It agrees with me, it does! I wouldn't give two pinches of snuff to live where nobody jumped over the ten commandments! It's fun alive for me to ferret it out. I may not always hit on the right names of the parties, but that's a trifle. Don't preach to me. One half the world earn their "vittles" by living on other folks' vitals. If you look into a lawyer's bible, I guess it would puzzle you to find such a text as "*Blessed are the peace makers.*" Don't they earn the salt to their porridge by setting whole neighborhoods by the ears? Ain't they in the seventh heaven when they can get hold of a long twistified snarl of a family quarrel? Don't they bow, and smile, and smirk, and help you out of the "Slough of Despond" with one hand, while they poke you back with the other? Oh, I tell you Miss Nipper isn't the only mischief maker. There's a large family of Paul Prys; don't all wear petticoats either.—Some of them have *masculine* noses, that are forever up in the air, snuffing the "ill wind that blown nobody good"—descendants in a direct line, from Ananias and Sapphira. Know more about a parish than the parson and his deacons; more about a woman than the father who begot her, and more about the world in general than He who made it. Yes, thank goodness, this *is* (as the minister says) "a wicked world." It would be almighty stupid if it wasn't; I suppose there is somebody or other doing something they ought not to, about every minute! at least I hope so. I only wish these male gossips would clear the track and let the Nancy Nipper express train be the first bearer of despatches. (I should like to make some of 'em a present of a *petticoat!*) You don't catch *me* knocking under, for *speed and embellishment*, to any that sports a hat.—Where's my snuff box?

Fanny Fern.

To Protect Sheep from dogs.

The general evil of dogs which I see is claiming at present the most stringent Legislation in our northern States, likewise exists with us. Our own Legislature has done much, and will no doubt do more, at the proper time, to eradicate this evil. In the meantime, let me publish to the sheep raising world a remedy against destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since by a highly respectable and valued friend, and an extensive wool grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock a bell of the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this; the instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner; his attacks on sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneous jingling of all the bells, strikes terror to the dogs; they turn tail, and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of the bells might be made to vary according to the size of the flocks.

Porcelain Ware.—The painting and ornamenting of China Ware is a business rapidly increasing in this country.—Importers purchase the white ware in France and England, thus saving the duty on the increased value and furnishing employment to thousands of male and female operatives. There are two hundred girls employed in New Haven in burnishing the gold after it comes from the furnace, but the painting is all done by experienced male artists. The business is also carried on to a great extent in New York.

☞ "I'm not afraid of a barrel of hard cider," said a toper to a temperate man. "I presume not, from your appearance I should think a barrel of cider would run from you," was the reply.

☞ Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

☞ *Fanny Fern* says that when he who is striving to rise in the world, begins to exhibit superior powers, and the posession of true genius, he must either hide his light under a bushel, or else have all creation after him *trying to blow it out.*

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behavior will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

☞ In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

☞ The words of Louis XII. of France, showed a great and noble mind, who being advised to punish those who had wronged him before he was king, answered—It is not becoming a King of France to avenge injuries done to a Duke of Orleans.

The Wool Trade.

We know the writer of the following to be a gentleman of principle and judgment. We wish all dealers were as candid. The article was written, for the *Homestead Journal*, at Salem, Columbiana county:

"Considerable excitement prevails, and many are contracting their wool, which they would not do after the sober second thought.' In the first place, it must be an unsatisfactory mode of doing business, to contract for wool on the *sheep's back*, because the market is not established, and the most shrewd and sagacious speculators, know comparately little about the future. But then, the growers may rest satisfied, that these eastern buyers, who appoint agents at every cross-roads, won't buy the wool unless they *think* there is a speculation in it. Many farmers have contracted their wool several cents below what will probably be the ruling market price; then in a few instances too much may have been paid. In these latter cases, when the wool is delivered, the purchaser will see it *badly handled, poorly washed, and meanly done up.* While those who have received less than the fair market value, will feel no motive to do either justice to themselves or their wool. Instead of being well washed, tagged and neatly done up with twine, the sheep will be merely drawn through the creek, and every kind of waste wool, tied up with the fleece—all the time feeling that it is good enough for such land-sharks like these speculators,' thereby opening wide the door of dissatisfaction.

"Therefore I would advise all wool growers in this vicinity, to refuse to contract their next clip at any price, until it is ready for market. Let it be well washed and tagged. Let each one try to excel in putting his wool in the best order. Let the contract be a fair consideration for a fair article, and not a mere lottery speculation.

"In the meantime, let me say, that from all the indications drawn from statistics, the farmer may rely with perfect safety that he will get all his wool will be worth, and probably a little more; it having been ascertained from the most reliable data, that the supply of wool is not equal to the demand. Besides, it is estimated that there will be a large deficiency in the clip from Australia, which island has, in a great measure, hitherto supplied France and Belgium.

"But should these considerations not be sufficient to induce the growers to hold until the market is fairly established, and the article ready for sale, then I would say, if you are determined to sell, notwithstanding all I have said in this article, I am in the market contract wool, well-washed and handled, from 40 to 65 cents, according to quality."

☞ A new ancedote of John Randolph of Roanoke is always welcome, this is given by the Norfolk News:—

He was travelling through a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted; during the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and, no doubt, one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, he began as follows:—

'Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?'

'Sir!' said Mr. Randolph with a look of displeasure.

'I asked,' said the landlord, 'which way are you traveling?'

'Have I paid you my bill?'

'Yes.'

'Do I owe you anything more?'

'No.'

'Well, I'm going where I pleas; do you understand?'

'Yes,'

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance the landlord spoke at the top of his breath. 'Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent, just take which road you please.'

'It is said the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.'

Something for the Girls.—Men who are worth having want *women* for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with Cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frame are good in their place; and so are ribbons, frills and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner for the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blanket are neccessary to domestic happiness.—Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him; or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worthy of catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or manœuvring belle to help you find a market.